"....in summer the Eskimo often suffers from a scarcity of fuel and has to eat his food raw and unfrozen or merely sun dried. Cooking under any circumstances is a slow and tedious process; using a lamp and blubber, it takes about an hour to boil the meat even after the snow has been melted. In summer, using dry willow twigs for fuel, with the pot set on a small hearth of three stones (one on each side on which it rests and a third at the back to keep in the heat), the operation takes a little less time. But willow is not always procurable; for example the Colville hills in many places contain neither willow nor its best substitute, heather, and the same is true of many places on the mainland."

1: Jenness--98-99 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 252

"In many places on the coast driftwood would supply the natives with a fair amount of fuel, if it were not deliberately avoided, as a rule, owing to the well-known Eskimo taboo against mingling products of the sea with those of the land. Driftwood comes from the sea, so caribou, and fish that are caught in rivers and lakes, like trout and salmon, must not be cooked over a driftwood fire. Seal-meat may, but seals supply their own fuel, while driftwood is scarce and impracticable in a snow hut. The Eskimos frequently helped us to collect spruce sticks from the beaches so that we could cook our own seal-meat in a tent, on top of an iron stove. They sometimes objected to our cooking caribou-meat when we were in their settlements on the ice, although we would point out that the taboos that applied to them were not equally applicable to us. Once too they protested against our using cottonwood for cooking seal-meat; they said it would cause the weather to become very cold. They have no scruples against cooking caribou-meat over a wood fire on land provided that the wood has not been washed up by the sea. Generally they made shavings of any wood they used, because the pot, having string handles, could not be suspended over the fire, but had to be set on a stone hearth, which left only a small space underneath for the fire. The taboo in regard to driftwood, however seems to be dying out. Dolphin and Union strait Eskimos would not cook over a driftwood fire even the salmon that were caught migrating up the streams to the lakes, though they had come directly from the sea only an hour or two before; but their scruples broke down when some Tree river natives told them that it was done at the east end of

Coronation gulf.

In many places the only possible fuel during the summer is the okauyak (Dryas integrifolia), and this is an abomination. Whenever it rains, or a dense mist covers the land, as often happens in the late spring and summer, the plant will not burn; while even if the weather is fine, but the wind a little boisterous, it is difficult to maintain a fire in the small half-open tent the natives use. One day when I lay ill in my tent on Victoria island, the Eskimos detailed the little [99] girl Kanneyuk to stay behind and cook a trout for me while the rest went fishing. Kanneyuk lit a fire in the largest of our tents, but in the midst of her cooking a sudden gale of wind snapped the tent-pole and the tent collapsed on her head, upsetting the small pemmican can which served as a cooking pot. She moved to another tent and lit another fire, but it was not until three hours later that the cupful of water in which the fish was immersed approached the boiling-point, so feeble was the flame from the okauyak fire; by that time too the fish was so smoked that it was scarcely edible.

It is no wonder therefore that the Eskimo frequently does not trouble to cook at all. Dried meat or fish gives him a satisfactory breakfast, and if he is fishing during the day he can always appease his hunger with the raw fish he catches. If the fish is large he will content himself with the intestines, if small he will probably devour it entire, some-

times not even excepting the bones. In winter the wife occasionally boils some seal-meat while her husband lies in bed, but frequently, more especially in the early half of the season when they still have a stock of frozen fish or caribou-meat on hand, they make their breakfast on that, after which both dress and the man goes off to his sealing while the wife stays at home and sews."

1: Jenness--100-101 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimos
116, 252

"To prepare a meal at this season the wife hangs the pot over the lamp, scours it out with her fingers, and fills it with crystalline snow, anyu, which she crushes with her ulo or more rarely with the horn snow-knife, haviuyak. The meat is placed in the cold water and slowly brought to a boil, when the surface is covered with a thick scum. It is then taken out, squeezed between the thumb and fore-finger to drain off the water, and laid on the table to cool. Seal blood, liquid or frozen, now takes its place in the pot; it too is allowed to simmer, then the steaming broth is dished out in musk-ox ladles (or any convenient dish) and handed round to everyone present. (1) A little raw blubber is nearly always eaten with the seal-meat, but most of it is consumed in the lamp or fed to the dogs. When migrating a little meat, either raw and frozen, or boiled on the previous day, is placed in a convenient place on the sled for lunch. In good [101] seasons a considerable quantity of blubber is wasted until the warm days of spring, when it is carefully stored away in large bags and cached on the mainland or on an island near the shore for use in the following autumn."

"1. For a fuller description of an Eskimo meal in winter, see Mr. Stefansson's excellent accounts, My Life with the Eskimo, p. 176 et seq., and Anthrop. Papers, A. M. N. H., Vol. XIV, pt. I, p. 243."

"In cutting up a caribou the Eskimo is careful to preserve every particle of fat, even that around the intestines. In summer and autumn indeed, when the intestines are coated with a thick lining of fat, they are eaten raw and intact, the black pellets of excrement being usually, but not always, squeezed out between thumb and finger. (1) The liver also, like seal liver, is eaten raw, while the kidneys are thrown away or fed to the dogs. The lungs are sometimes cooked and eaten, but they are little esteemed; the heart, however, is carefully preserved to be split later into two halves, and either boiled at once or laid out on a stone to dry. The wall of the stomach, when emptied of its vegetable contents, is sometimes retained for dog-food, while the reticulum, which is shaped like a pouch, is cut off, filled with blood, and closed with one of the

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"1. Mr. Stefansson is mistaken, I think, when he says (Anthrop. Papers, A. M. N. H., Vol. XVI, pt. I, p. 61) that the intestinal and kidney fat are usually boiled by the Copper Eskimos. To my knowledge they were always eaten raw, though the back fat was often boiled. Alaskan and Mackenzie river Eskimos, however, frequently boil the intestinal fat as well."

bone pins that a hunter always carries on his bow-case; the blood is used, like seal-blood, to thicken the bouillon after the meat has been boiled. Unborn fawns are skinned, and either dried, or cooked at once, generally for the children to eat; sometimes, however, they are thrown directly to the dogs. As a rule the first parts of a caribou that are cooked, besides the tongue and the heart, are the fore-and hind-quarters, the bones of which contain the much prized marrow; the tongue, according to Eskimo rules of cookery, should be boiled with the tip uppermost. [103] After these parts come the ribs and the sternum, which are often coated with a layer of fat; the ribs are sometimes cracked between the teeth in order to extract the tiny quantity of marrow they contain. Last of all come the chine, the neck and the head; the last is split into four pieces, first down and then across, before being put into the pot, and the brains, as well as the marrow of the jaw-bones, are carefully picked out and eaten.

The marrow of the caribou, especially that of the leg-bones, is a great delicacy. The Copper Eskimo first scrapes all the meat and sinew from the bone with his knife; in autumn this is allowed to freeze and is eaten, sinew and all, in that condition; but in spring and summer the sinew is separated for making seal and fish lines. When the bone is clean the native takes two stones, one of which, the hammer stone, should have a rather sharp edge. With these he cracks off the knuckle at one end, then with the sharp edge of his hammer splits the bone down its shank, and picks out the marrow with

a bone spatula, saudlun. On rare occasions, to vary the monotony a little, the bone is roasted in the fire before the end is cracked off, when the marrow will flow out like very soft butter."

1: Jenness--104 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 262, 252

"The Copper Eskimos seldom take the trouble to clean their fish before boiling them. The intestines are drawn out and eaten raw, the remainder divided into large cross-sections and inserted into the pot. Many of the fish are very fat, and the top of the water becomes coated with oil, which the natives remove with the bottom of their horn ladles, and lick up with great gusto. The head, too, is rather a dainty, especially the eyes, because of the fat that surrounds them. Nothing is ever wasted; the Eskimos even suck the roots of the fins in order to extract the last remnants of meat and fat. In the harvest season of late spring, when as many fish as possible are dried and stored away, the heads are often the only parts that are cooked. Every bone in them is taken apart and sucked separately. The natives give them special names from fancied resemblances to natural objects; there is the ptarmigan, for example, the hare and the raven, while the five teeth in the front of the upper jaw are 'polar bear's claws.'"

1: Jenness--105-106 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 252

"Cooking among these people is not an art that calls for much skill or experience. An Eskimo woman has many to cook for as a rule, and during their life on land the pot has usually to be refilled two or three times in order to provide a single meal. Hence the meat is cut into large portions and as much as possible crammed into the pot at once. It matters little if half of it projects out of the water, for as soon as the lower half is cooked each piece can be turned end for end. Sometimes the meat is served up half raw, more smoked [106] than boiled, but the Eskimo finds it palatable in any condition. A hunting party often dispenses with a pot altogether, and uses instead an improvised oven of stones. Ikpakhuak thus provided us with a good meal one day when he and I were hunting, and had shot a caribou about ten miles from camp. He collected a few flat slabs of dolomite for his oven and some dry willow twigs for fuel. Then he constructed a hearth in the shelter of a turfy bank about two feet high. First he made the windbreak, three stone slabs on edge along the top of the bank. Beneath these, at the foot of the bank, he set two slabs on edge about two feet apart for the sides of the fireplace. A slab laid flat on the ground between them made a good bottom for the fire, while another resting on the two side slabs, formed the top of the hearth, the whole structure resembling very much a Dutch oven. He covered the top slab with a layer of moss, poured water over it, then laid slices of meat and back-fat on the moss and covered it all over with a large inverted grassy sod. A fire was soon made by setting

one of my matches to a little dry grass, holding it up in the wind till it kindled to a blaze, then pushing it into the hearth and stoking willow twigs on top of it. As soon as the meat was cooked on the under side he rolled back the turf, poured a little more water on the meat, turned it over and replaced the turf. In about twenty minutes the steaks were ready. They proved delicious; the moss had given them a very slight flavour that was not at all unpleasant. Ikpakhuak at the same time roasted part of the liver and two of the leg bones in the fire itself, so that altogether we had an ample and varied repast."

1: Jenness--182-183 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 784, 252

"The caribou and the seal are the two most important factors in the economic life of the natives. The one lives on land, the other in the sea, so the doctrine that the products of the two regions should be kept separate ought to apply more strictly to these two animals than to any others. As a matter of fact even in their case it is only partially observed. Thus seal-meat, raw, frozen or cooked, may be eaten at any time of the year, whether on the land or on the sea ice. In summer, of course, when the Eskimos are usually wandering inland, practically no seals at all are caught, but many are secured in the spring and autumn while the natives are living on the sea-shore; most of the meat is consumed at once on the coast, but a little is often taken inland. Caribou meat again may be eaten, raw or frozen, at any season and in any place; but it must not be cooked on the sea-ice. The natives may cook it on shore at any time, even on the very edge of the ice; some of them did not hesitate to cook it at the Liston and Sutton islands during the winter, though the shamans reproved them for it and attributed a series of blizzards to their violation of the taboo. The prohibition applies only to caribou killed in the previous summer and autumn, not to those that are secured in the winter, or in the early spring when the animals are migrating northward. It is hard to find any reason for this distinction. If the caribou migrating north across the ice in the spring are to be regarded as sea-animals for the time being, they should equally be so regarded in the autumn when they are migrating south again; but the

natives of west Coronation gulf and of Dolphin and Union strait observe the taboo in the one instance, and not in the other. Some of the people, however, were more scrupulous than others, for I noticed one family that would not cook fresh deer-meat on the ice in spring, though other families were doing it in the same camp. This particular family did not condemn the others; on the contrary, it thought it was probably quite legitimate to cook the meat, though it preferred to be on the safe side itself. Some Bathurst inlet natives said that the only deer-meat they refrained from cooking on the ice was meat that had been cached in stone cairns on the land; if meat of this kind were cooked, the cold stones, for some not very evident reason, would make the weather cold.

There is one taboo, however, that is universal in its application, and must not be broken on any account. Products of the land and of the sea must never be cooked in the same pot at the same time. Accordingly, when the natives are [183] living on the land and have stocks of both deer-meat and seal-meat, one is cooked in the morning and the other at night. Nevertheless, both kinds of food may be eaten at the same time; in fact the normal evening meal in the early part of the winter consists of boiled seal-meat and frozen venison. Mr. Stefansson states that 'some families said that caribou and seal-meat should not be cooked in the same pot unless the pot were suspended over the lamp by a fresh cord when the caribou meat was to be cooked; but most people paid no

attention to even this prohibition.' (1)

The polar bear is a sea animal, tarreomiutak, and must be treated like a seal. I wanted to fry some caribou liver on the same fire on which Higilak was boiling some bear-meat. She was not at all sure whether it was right to cook the two at the same time, the bear being a denizen of the sea and the caribou of the land. She asked her older brother Tusayok, but he did not know either. Finally I told her that as we had killed the bear on the land, it was plainly, in summer at least, a land animal; further, that I was a white man, and in consequence Eskimo taboos did not apply to me. The arguments seemed to satisy her, for she raised no further objection.

Similar taboos, based on the same general principles, apply to the cooking of other animals and to fish. Thus tom-cod which are caught in the sea, may be cooked, like seals, on either land or ice; but fresh-water fish, even salmon migrating from the sea, must be cooked only on land. Some natives will not use driftwood thrown up by the sea for cooking either caribou or fish, but others pay no attention to this and use whatever fuel is most available."

"1. Anthrop. Papers, A. M. N. H., Vol. XIV, pt. I, p. 48; Cf. My Life with the Eskimo, p. 266."

2: Stefansson--45-46 (1908-12) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 372, 252

"The most important item of fuel among the Copper Eskimo is, of course, the blubber of the seal. Except in special emergencies this is the only article of fuel used in winter in Victoria Island or on the mainland, although the Kanhiryuarmiut on southeast Banks Island use also the fat of the polar bear to some extent. It makes little difference whether driftwood is abundant or scarce in any district, it is never used during the part of the year when people live in snowhouses. It would manifestly be unsuited for the heating of a snowhouse and as a matter of fact, as I know from experience, the seal oil lamp is better suited for the heating of any kind of a substantially built Eskimo house than wood is, even when burned in sheet iron stoves. But in the spring when the snowhouse is discarded for the tent and the people move from the sea ice inland to hunt, the supplies of oil are all left behind at the coast and either wood or heather is used. Among the Noahonirmiut, for instance, we found in the latter part of May, 1910, that families living six or eight miles from the seacoast had taken with them two or three sticks of wood equivalent to as many stout cord wood sticks and these they were eking out for cooking purposes. The man of the family would take an adze and with it make fine chips or shavings which the woman would feed one by one into a tiny flame built under the bottom of the pot. In this way a very small piece of wood could bring a good-sized pot of meat to a [46] boil. When this was done they intended, they told us, to find heather (Cassiope tetragona) underneath the snow and use that for fuel. Later, when the sun had cleared the snow away, it would, of course, be easy to find the heather

which is the favorite fuel of the Copper Eskimo.

The Eskimo of my party were all westerners and used to cooking with driftwood or willows. When during the summer of 1910 we traveled around with parties of the Copper Eskimo, my companions insisted that they were not going to cook with 'grass.' They seemed to look upon the very idea as degrading in some way; and would scout around in search of bushes of willow which they maintained would make a much more satisfactory fire. The result was that our local traveling companions would have their camp pitched and supper cooked before we got our fire lit and proceedings in our camp were usually suspended while we went over and joined them in their supper inviting them later on to come and share ours which was ready an hour or so later. Towards the end of the summer my westerners had finally become convinced that the use of grass was really not necessarily degrading, with the result that we could get our meals as quickly as the natives.

There is a special art about burning heather. You must make a small fire and feed in a handful at a time, keeping the blaze uniform. In most Arctic districts where I have traveled, you cannot walk half a mile without finding a patch of heather big enough to cook several meals by. You build the fire in the proper place and within ten or fifteen feet of it you can gather sufficient fuel for cooking. We found it convenient to carry a small stick of dry wood with which to make shavings to start the fire on damp days, for

when it is wet the heather is not easy to light, but with the fire once going there is no more trouble about it.

The Bear Lake Indians are unfamiliar with the use of heather for fuel, which greatly handicaps them on their annual incursions into the Barren Ground in search of musk-oxen. Like my western Eskimo companions they understand the use of willows, but on the Barren Ground, patches of these are few and far between and quickly hidden beyond chance of discovery by the blizzards of early winter. Consequently the Indians on their musk-ox hunts carry sled-loads of wood which burden them and decrease their speed. When the wood has been exhausted the party retreats towards the forests of Bear Lake again. The local Eskimo are under no such handicap. Even in the depths of winter, they could always find heather to burn, as the Back River people do in fact, as we know from hearsay. The Eskimo with whom we personally associated never leave the sea ice in winter and consequently have no occasion for any fuel except oil."

2: Stefansson--52-54 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 731, 261

"Except among the Kanhiryuarmiut the winter from October to April is generally a hand to mouth struggle. Starvation may, and does, occur at any time, but generally the sunless days are most feared. There is seldom a winter that among one or another of the Copper tribes dogs do not die of [54] hunger; dried sinew and clothing are eaten and the houses are without light or fuel. Specific instances of deaths from hunger are detailed in another place."

2: Stefansson--59 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 252, 262

"Caribou meat is more often eaten raw than cooked, whether fresh or half-dry, thawed, or frozen. Fish are also often eaten raw, whether frozen or not. This eating of raw meat and fish conforms to the Eskimo custom farther west, except that the western people show greater preference for the frozen state as opposed to the thawed. A raw dish peculiar to the Straits and Gulf Eskimo (at least, the Eskimo of my party knew nothing of such a practice) is fresh sealskin cut in small pieces with about a quarter inch of blubber left on it. The hair is not removed."

2: Stefansson--60 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 252

"There is really but one method of cooking and that is boiling, though roasting before a fire is known. Fish and caribou are more often eaten raw than cooked, but caribou heads are always boiled and fish heads are boiled when convenient. Seal is seldom eaten raw, and never raw unless frozen, except in emergencies. The cooking is over the seal oil lamp in winter and generally over a fire of heather or small twigs in summer, even when good wood is at hand. The pots (stove) are long, narrow, and shallow, a large pot may be thirty inches long, eight inches wide, six inches deep. The seal meat or deer meat is usually cut in pieces of such a size that half of each piece sticks out of the water. In cooking over the lamp the meat (at least the first potful) is put in the cold water as the pot is hung over the lamp flame, and when the pot boils the lower half of the meat is considered cooked. The pieces are then turned around and now and then after that one is lifted out of the pot and squeezed between thumb and finger to see if it is sufficiently cooked. When one of the larger pieces seems done, the pot is emptied of the meat and some seal or caribou blood is added to make the blood soup which forms the last course of a properly arranged meal."

2: Stefansson--61 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 252, 262

"The summer food being caribou and fish mainly, there is less cooking done in summer than in winter, though there is usually one cooked meal per day, the morning meal commonly. The last course here too is generally warm (never hot) blood soup, though I have seen caribou blood drunk unboiled. Birds and spermophiles are almost always cooked, and as above stated caribou heads always are. Marrow bones are cracked and the marrow eaten raw; caribou back fat is sometimes boiled and the intestinal and kidney fat usually is boiled. Eggs are always boiled if a fire is available."

2: Stefansson--77-78 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 252, 372

"In cooking with heather, the oblong stone pots are set up on small blocks of stone about the height of a common house-building brick laid edge-wise, or perhaps an inch higher. A long slab of stone is then taken and set on edge at the back of the pot and two smaller ones at either end of it, so as to form three sides of a rectangular box for the pot. Fire is then built and small handfuls of heather or a shaving at a time of wood are pushed under the pot to keep a low blaze constantly going.

Our own Eskimo refused for a long time to cook with heather when we were traveling with a party of Coronation Gulf Eskimo, saying their people [78] (Port Clarence, Alaska, and Mackenzie River) never cooked that way. They would therefore hunt far and wide for green dwarf willows, but by the time there were willows enough gathered by our party, further operations would be stopped by hospitable shouts from the other tents to come over and have supper. They had boiled two successive potfuls of meat and sometimes three, while we were getting ready to build a fire. This was too much for the conservatism even of Eskimo and towards the end of the summer our Eskimo could cook a potful of meat as quickly as anybody, though there seemed always an undercurrent of feeling that they were doing something unworthy, and there was much rejoicing in our camp over finding a patch of large willows to camp by, though I cannot see that it helped us to get supper any quicker.

But as our Eskimo prefer wood, for fuel, so the Coronation Gulf people prefer heather.

When heather is scarce and far from camp and wood near and easy to get, they often waste much time gathering and carrying heather. . . ."

2: Stefansson--236 (1908-12) 1914 Copper Eskimo
252, 117

"Cooking. There seems to be very little uncooked meat eaten. I have seen two cases among Staypleton people of a single man at end of a meal asking for a piece of frozen meat because he had not had enough cooked meat. Tan. has seen one meal where frozen meat formed 'a course.' Today our dogs were fed cooked meat, 'For,' they said, 'meat frozen hard is not good for a dog.'

May 17. Food. Had my first meal of frozen meat today, an emergency one when our guide came into a house. There must be a meal whenever one of us visitors goes into a house. Two men present refused to join, a thing I never saw with boiled seal. I liked it better than frozen deer. When a trifle high I prefer it raw to cooked."

2: Stefansson--243 (1908-12) 1914 Copper Eskimo
252, 117

"Cooking. I have heard of Eskimo merely warming meat to eat it. These always comment unfavorably on a piece that is a trifle rare and I have not seen one eaten that would not be considered 'medium' or 'well done' if a beefsteak in a grillroom. In fact I have never seen Eskimo eat partly cooked meat, they usually cook well. Besides, I have tried boiling seal more than the Eskimo do and found it toughened the meat, unless you boil it an hour or so, when it softens again but has lost its best flavor. I prefer meat put unfrozen in cold water and taken out about five minutes after the water boils. At this season of the year I much prefer seal to deer meat, if fresh."

2: Stefansson--260 (1908-12) 1914 Copper Eskimo
252, 117

"August 19. Conservatism. Most Eskimo I have seen habitually (if they want meat to boil quickly) turn pieces over even when water covers every piece in the pot. This practice no doubt dates from time of shallow stone pots when every piece had its upper side out of water. B. never probably saw meat cooked in a stone pot till here."

3: Rasmussen--38-39 (c. 1923) 1932 Copper Eskimo
116, 252, 784

"Fresh caribou meat must never lie on the side platform together [39] with seal meat or salmon trout. This does not apply to old, putrid caribou meat or dried meat.

There is no special taboo against cooking caribou meat over driftwood, which is not allowed in some places; drift wood is considered as belonging to the salt water, which is not the caribou's own element. Nor is there anything against cooking caribou meat by means of blubber or old caribou bones; elsewhere this is said to offend the souls of the killed animals."

12: Collinson--284-285 (1851-53) 1889 Copper Eskimo

116, 226, 412, 146, 261

"Fish appeared to be the staple article of food, which both the sea and the lakes afforded in abundance; they are caught with copper hooks, or speared through holes in the ice, or from stone piers, built for that purpose. In the autumn the fine healthy colour of the men, women, and children showed they were well fed, [285] and contrasted strongly with our people; but in the spring I thought we had the advantage. Our biscuit was eaten as a curiosity, but neither it nor the salt meat relished; the preserved meat was, however, taken readily. A quantity of deers' excrement was collected, and is I believe had recourse to in times of scarcity as an article of food; but such did not seem to be the case this season, as we were never importuned for food; and my anxiety was relieved lest, in their desire to possess our knives, &c., they might have deprived themselves of sufficient subsistence till the spring. They may be considered as entirely a carnivorous race, and for the most part consuming their food raw. A favourite morsel is the yellow top-knot of the king drake, which they were usually permitted to bite off on paying us a visit. Water, although acceptable during the winter, is consumed sparingly. Tobacco and spirits they are so far fortunate as to be yet unacquainted with."

Lamps only 2 or 3 inches long were children's toys, often made by themselves while their parents were manufacturing larger vessels. The Copper Eskimo placed on the graves of females these minature lamps, or else genuine vessels of small size, simply because they valued their larger lamps too highly to throw them away, and believed that the dead person could enlarge a miniature to suit its needs. Frequently, perhaps generally, they recovered useful lamps that had been deposited on the graves of relatives a few years earlier. Very rarely did they make a lamp, even a miniature one, for mortuary purposes only; and when they did, it was nearly always a wooden model, because soapstone was procurable only in one or two districts.

Figure 49. Bag for grass or eriophorum seeds, made from loon's foot. IV.D.224. 1/1.

Most of the cooking was done on lamps not less than 24 inches long. Lamps smaller than this, even down to 5 and 6 inches, served for short journeys, but were not intended primarily for that purpose any more than to be deposited on graves. Rather they were used to dry extra clothes, to give additional light for sewing or working, or to enable a little girl to play at housekeeping in a corner of the hut. Two small lamps laid side by side sometimes took the place of one large lamp for cooking. When these smaller specimens were made of soapstone the shapes were the same, and the workmanship as careful, as in the larger ones. Frequently, however, a family was content to use a water-worn pebble with a saucer-shaped depression, or a naturally hollow slab of limestone or dolomite.

If we exclude the makeshift lamps last mentioned there was really only one kind among the Copper Eskimo, the regular house lamp, of which the smaller specimens, when not mere toys, were generally used for light alone, the larger for both light and heat. Nearly all were made of talc chlorite schist, a soapstone that is soft, of even texture, easily worked with stone or copper tools, and not liable to crack and break under the low heat of the burning blubber.[1]

[1] In their spring tents the Eskimo sometimes rested the lamp directly on two snow blocks and kept them lighted for a considerable time without other effect than the gradual melting of the snow.

The lamp-trimmer mentioned several times above was in most cases merely a pencil of wood varying in length from 6 to 18 inches, generally flattened at one end and smoothed. Any small stick, whether of wood, bone, or antler, sufficed in an emergency; I have even seen a man use his knife. The stone (soapstone or asbestos) pencils, often employed in West Greenland and in Hudson Bay,[1] seem to have been unknown to the Copper Eskimo. Unknown, too, were the drip-stands of Alaska, Greenland, and other places. The Coronation Gulf soapstone is not porous as the Greenland soapstone is said to be[2]; and though oil might frequently drip over the edges, it never seeped through the vessel itself.

Every household employed torches for lighting extra lamps, for searching the corners of the hut, and particularly for conveying fire from one snow-hut to another. Occasionally a woman used the lamp-stick or even raw lamp-wick, but she always kept for the purpose four or five bunches of matted moss roots that she had collected and dried in the late summer (Figure 47*b*). Such a torch, dipped in the melted blubber, would burn several minutes, though if carried outside in windy weather it had to be shielded inside a bag or bucket. It was a common sight after a day's march to see the women carrying torches from one hut to another in order to relight their lamps; the first lamp, of course, was lighted with pyrites.

In summer, when the lamp was discarded, the Eskimo carefully extinguished their open-air fires with flat stones in order to reduce the burning wood to charcoal, which readily took a spark on some future occasion and could be kindled into a flame with the breath. In blowing the fire they did not purse their lips as we do, but curled the tongue along the lower palate into a half-cylinder that directed the breath along a narrow path. When carrying glowing coals from one tent or cooking place to another the women usually wrapped them in bunches of dry heather or *Dryas integrifolia;* where no coals were available they used the heather or dryas alone.

POTS

The Back River Eskimo commonly made their cooking pot from five flat slabs of limestone cemented together.[3] Among the Copper Eskimo we saw none of this type, only pots carved from solid slabs of soapstone. Theoretically these pots should have received two forms, one adapted for cooking over the blubber lamp in winter and the other for use over an open fire during the summer months. The pot for use with the blubber lamp should have been a long, oblong vessel, rather narrow, because the flame of the lamp was a long, narrow line; it should have been comparatively deep to hold large pieces of seal and caribou meat; and it might have had considerable dimensions and weight, as it was always carried on the sled during the winter and spring months. The pot for use over an open fire in summer should have been less narrow, and altogether smaller and lighter, because at that season all the household furniture had to be carried on the back.

In actual fact both types existed among the Copper Eskimo, but the longer, narrower form adapted for use over the blubber lamp was far more generally used, as winter conditions prevailed during 8 months of the year. The pot was nearly always rectangular in outline, though one saw occasional specimens of trapezoid form. The corners were sharp, almost at right angles, the sides slightly convex in outline and sloping inward towards the bottom, making the vessel widest and longest at the top; the convexity in the sides was occasionally marked. In large pots there was a tendency for the depth to vary inversely with the breadth, so that the narrower vessels were likewise the deepest.

[1] Porsild, M.: Op. cit., p. 221. Thalbitzer, W.: The Ammassalik Eskimo; Meddelelser om Grønland, vol. XXXIX, p. 533 (Copenhagen, 1914).
[2] Birket-Smith, K.: Ethnography of Egedesminde District; Meddelelser om Grønland, vol. LXVI, p. 161 (Copenhagen, 1924).
[3] Chief Factor James Anderson's Back River Journal of 1859; Can. Field-Nat., vol. LV, 2, 1941, p. 31.

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on the first occasion by holding a private party at which they shared the white man's food—tea, hard bread, and chocolate. When I left them in charge again the following day they immediately trimmed the lamp, placed a pot of water over the flame to boil, and set out the cups for another afternoon tea.

These Eskimos of Dolphin and Union Strait forbade any cooking of caribou meat on the sea during the winter months, believing that it would cause the ice under their settlement to upheave and engulf them. Eskimos living farther to the eastward were less scrupulous, and often cooked caribou meat when they were camped on bay ice that was not likely to crack under the stress of a winter storm. But a strong current passes through Dolphin and Union Strait, and new cracks and pressure ridges make their appearance as late as the end of January. The regulation was therefore rigidly observed by the local Eskimos, who often warned us against infringing it at Putulik, even though their settlement was only a few yards from the shore. Palaiyak, my western Eskimo, who had outgrown most of these superstitions, was more annoyed than I that we should be compelled to eat our venison raw, or else carry it to Bernard Harbour, where our house was built on solid ground. We avoided the regulation in the following winter by a subterfuge. The Eskimos then built their settlement closer to the beach, and the hut in which we were living had rock, not ice,

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beneath the snow-floor, making the prohibition technically invalid. We cooked our caribou meat with easy consciences, and, when the natives upbraided us, pointed to a tiny patch of gravel exposed beneath our feet. Some accepted our verdict, most of them still disapproved; but by that time they were better acquainted with the strange ways of the white man, and believed that we could do with impunity what they could not attempt without disaster.

The village dance-house formed as usual the forecourt of two snow-huts, which kept it at an even temperature with their two large blubber-lamps. One hut was occupied by Ikpuckhuak, the elderly man who had come to my rescue when his fellow-tribesman tried to carry off my knife. Ikpuckhuak means the "Dirty One"; but the name in no wise reflected on his personal characteristics, for the Eskimos were too familiar with the lack of water during seven months of the year to pay much attention to some of its consequences. Ikpuck, as I shall call him hereafter, was actually cleaner than most of his countrymen, provided one gives the word a rather broad interpretation; and his name was no more than an ancient family title which he inherited in childhood along with his other privileges.

We spent several pleasant evenings on his sleeping-platform, reclining comfortably on caribou robes and listening to the natives in the forecourt singing their

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224 range. Chilled with the cold, we left our hiding-place and approached them from another direction. Ikpuck crawled near enough to shoot one of them in the leg; but his bullet inflicted only a flesh-wound, and the caribou with its mate galloped quickly out of sight.

Thus all day misfortune dogged our footsteps. We travelled perhaps thirty miles after our light breakfast at 7 A.M., and by nine o'clock in the evening I was [487] almost exhausted. Then, as we wearily climbed the crest of a ridge, we came upon three fresh snow-blocks that our companions had placed in line to direct us to their new camp. Ikpuck passed them by with a brief glance; he refused to turn back empty-handed when caribou surrounded us on every side, and wished to continue the chase indefinitely, even though we slept on the uncovered snow. But I was less jealous of my reputation as a hunter, and with some difficulty persuaded him to accompany me to camp.

226 [361] Our companions had pitched their tents beside the first lake within the Colville Hills, a lake that abounded in two kinds of fish, lake trout and lake salmon, although it was only half a mile in diameter. Men, women, and children, scattered over its surface, were industriously chiselling holes through the thick ice or jigging their lines in the water below. The caribou meat in their camp had lost its attraction; they wanted to dine on fresh fish, which no one had tasted for six [252] months. In less than two hours they hauled seven

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fine trout out of the lake, and but a short time afterward the children were scurrying from tent to tent with steaming messes of boiled fish.

I lay back among the caribou skins after supper, using my sleeping-bag for a cushion, and listened to Ikpuck's account of our day's adventures. A careless movement of my foot upset a tea-cup, emptying its contents onto one of our best robes. Icehouse sprang up indignantly. "You miserable wretch!" she exclaimed. "Do you think you are lying on sealskins? See what you have done. You have ruined our best robe." I cast an apologetic look at Ikpuck, who sat in the opposite corner. A faint smile flickered over his face, and his left eye gave a perceptible wink. Poor Ikpuck. Icehouse intercepted the wink, and, transferring her wrath, heatedly upbraided him for his indifference, while the old man silently hung his head. But her anger gave way to laughter as she helped me to scoop up the tea, and the incident became only a standing joke within our family circle.

We remained at the lake for several days, dividing our time between hunting and fishing. I was not familiar with their method of fishing and had better luck with the caribou. The Eskimos could stalk more skilfully, but my Ross rifle with its powerful copper-nosed bullets was more effective than Ikpuck's .44 Winchester, The Runner's .22, and the bows and arrows that made up the rest of our armament. So

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easily on runners of steel. The Chatterbox and his family, who came next in the line, had abandoned their sled and hitched their dogs to a polar-bear skin that carried all their possessions. Last of all came Parted-Hair's sled, in the same condition as Ikpuck's. The Listener and his wife, too old to make unnecessary journeys, remained at the lake to watch over the meat and fish we had spread out on boulders to dry in the sun.

Twelve miles from the Lake of Dancing we sighted caribou and shot a large bull. We camped beside its carcass, and the women, who had failed to bring stone lamps and blubber, trusting to cook over open fires, searched the ridge-tops for fuel. But the season was less advanced on this side of the divide and vegetation scarcer, so that they found no fuel of any kind, not even the wretched dryad. I boiled a little venison for myself on the primus lamp, but the rest dined quite cheerfully on raw meat. Their tents, too, they had left behind, but they propped up two caribou robes for shelter from the breeze and spread out their sleeping-bags under the open sky. I fell asleep to the murmur of the dance-song they were practising for the meeting with the Tormiat from the Great Sound.

Big Lake, which we reached late the next evening, appeared to be circular in outline and about ten miles in diameter. We camped near its southern end, where we found old camp-sites, although the lake itself was silent and deserted.

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caribou. After two days' marching we set up the tents on the shore of a small lake and discussed our hunting program. Ikpuck and The Runner agreed to scour the land to the northward, where the hills sloped away toward Big Lake. I myself chose the higher land to the south-east, whence I could gain a wider view of the country and perhaps discover some rock-exposure that would indicate the geological formation. Leaf wanted to go with her husband, and Jennie insisted on sharing their fun. As for Icehouse, she was content to fish near camp with little Knife-Blade.

We went our several ways in the morning, but an hour after we separated a dense fog settled over the land. I turned back immediately, and by good luck gained the camp again. Some of the dogs were prowling among the tents, and Icehouse and Knife-Blade were fishing just below, but of Ikpuck and his party there was no sign. I sent Knife-Blade home to guard the camp and fished in the lake all day with Icehouse. From time to time the fog lifted for a few minutes, but closed in again as densely as before. Toward midnight, when the light faded a little, we returned to the tents, ate some dried fish, and tumbled into our sleeping-bags.

Icehouse became alarmed when the fog continued unchanged next day. She knew that the hunters were in no danger of starvation, for they all carried fishing-lines. Even if they were unable to cook their fish

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they were no worse off than ourselves, for the few dryads growing round our camp were too damp even to smoulder, and the semi-dried fish we ate for breakfast and supper were hard on the outside, but perfectly raw within. It was the exposure she dreaded, especially for her little daughter Jennie. She fretted about the child all through the morning, and several times I heard her cry to the fog, "Go away. No one wants you. You make us cold and uncomfortable;" just as white children call to the rain:

> "Rain, rain, go to Spain,
> Never show your face again."

Her anxiety increased toward evening, and she adopted sterner measures. She tied a cord around her face to distort her features, and with a set fox-trap in one hand and a knife in the other, defied the fog with threats and mocking laughter. Knife-Blade and myself, holding her arms, echoed her mockery. "You're a pesky nuisance," she cried, flinging the trap to the ground, where it sprang with a snap. She thrust the two weapons into my hands, distorted my face, and bade me intimidate the fog in the same way; and I repeated her cries, adding a few words of honest English for good measure. Then she re-entered her tent, rolled my jacket into a bundle, and summoned into it, one by one, all the offended spirits that had occasioned the untimely weather. Some were the

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226 ward from the hole, slowing down to a walk as the end of the line approached the under surface of the ice. The fish, half drowned by its rapid ascent, had then no time to jerk itself free of the hook, although it might easily tear loose if it struck the edge of the fishing-hole. By slowing down to a walk, Ikpuck could govern its passage through the ice with more caution.

For the guidance of the uninitiated angler I should add two rules that the Eskimos have tested and found useful. Respect the craving of trout and salmon for water by turning the heads of your catch toward the pool; then others will surely gather to your hook and seek to join their brethren on the ice. Secondly, when you lower your line into the water again, do not forget to say, "Encore, encore, give me another."

262 The rules concerning diet I cannot recommend with
• 252 the same confidence. The Eskimos, who knew no vegetables save the semi-digested moss in the stomachs of the caribou, ate only meat and fish, preferably boiled, for second choice dried or frozen, and raw when necessary. Here in the Colville Hills scarcity of fuel made boiled fish a luxury that we could enjoy
262 only two or three times a week. Breakfast consisted
264 always of a half-raw fish taken from a drying-pole and consumed usually in one's sleeping-bag; dinner did not exist, and supper was boiled fish on lucky days
262 and the same as breakfast on unlucky. The digestions
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252 During one of our hunting excursions, Ikpuck initiated me into a method of cooking meat different from the usual process of boiling. We had shot a caribou ten miles in advance of our party, close to a tilted bed of dolomite that broke away in large, thin slabs like roofing slate. With four of these slabs he built a Dutch oven against a low bank, strewed the top slab with moss and moistened it with water from a neighbouring pool; he then laid his slices of meat and back fat on the moss, covered them with an inverted sod of fresh, green grass, and lit a fire inside the oven. As the under-side of the meat broiled he turned it over and remoistened it. When cooked it was both tender and appetizing, though the moss gave it a rather peculiar flavour. To relieve our hunger while the steaks were broiling he also roasted in the fire two leg-bones and the liver. The bones cooked in about three minutes, and, when the ends were broken, the marrow flowed out like melted butter. Huxley says that only savages eat marrow; if that be true, our epicures are neglecting one of nature's choicest viands. It may be, however, that taste varies with environment, for when Anderson mailed some dried back fat to my office a few years later I nibbled one small piece for old times' sake and threw the remainder out of the window.

133 As we travelled on we came to a deep gorge where a large stream cut through the final line of hills, bar-

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261 GRATIFICATION AND CONTROL OF HUNGER--ideas about food and ingestion; eating sparingly or to excess; attitudes toward wasting food; special adjustments to hunger or famine; dieting; cultural elaboration of food appetites (e.g., geophagy, gum chewing, epicures); etc. See also:

Famine relief 731
Religious fasting 785
Theory of digestion 827
Conception of the hunger drive 828
Food craving during pregnancy 843
Infant feeding 853
Food training of children 862

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"However much the Eskimo may look forward in summer and autumn to the winter life on the ice, with its comfortable snow-huts where the lamps, filled to the brim with seal-oil, reflect their light round the pure white walls, while beneath and behind the table the floor is littered with meat and blubber -- winter, when the dance-house is crowded with friends and visitors who gather each evening to spend the hours in singing and dancing and in the performance of religious ceremonies -- yet always at the back of their minds there is the lurking dread of hunger and of cold in those dark sunless days, when the huts perhaps are empty of food, the lamps extinguished for want of oil, and the people, driven indoors by the howling blizzards, huddle together on their sleeping platforms and face starvation and death. The winter of 1914-15 was a comparatively mild one; food was plentiful, and the settlements of the Eskimos were filled with rejoicing. But the following winter was more severe. From Christmas until the middle of March one blizzard succeeded another. Often the Eskimos, unable to find the seal-holes on account of the snow that had drifted over them, sat and shivered in their huts, with their lamps extinguished, or burning so low that the heat they gave out hardly lessened the prevailing cold. The stores of food they had collected in the summer and autumn were exhausted, and the seals they caught from time to time were all too few to satisfy the needs of so many hungry mouths, even though they ate the skins and blubber with the meat. Many of them ate the sealskin boots that they were keeping for the follow-

ing spring, others the sealskin cases of their bows. Night after night [108] their shamans would interrogate the spirits that they believed to control the weather, and try to appease their anger and bring about a cessation of the storms. Whenever they did abate in the slightest degree, and there was the faintest prospect of securing seals, every man and youth would sally forth, and search for hours in the bitter cold in the hope that he might at last find something to take home to his starving wife and children. There was not a man in a Kilusiktok settlement that I visited at the end of February whose face was not covered with great blotches where he had been severely frost-bitten. Even the women braved the weather, and fished for tom-cod through the ice behind the shelter of a few snow-blocks. Sometimes the natives would recall dreadful tales of years gone by, how, not a generation before, the Kanghiryuarmiut had chopped up the corpses of their dead and eaten the frozen flesh to save themselves from starvation. Away in the east, too, the Netsilingmiut had cut off a man's legs while he was still alive and tried to appease their hunger with his flesh. No one so far as I know, actually starved to death in 1916, though the lives of two or three old people were undoubtedly shortened through the privations they had to endure. Fortunately, a change came over the weather about the middle of March. Before the month was out the crisis was over;

the huts of the Eskimos were filled once more with meat and blubber, and the dance-house resounded with song and laughter. (1)"

"1. Mr. Stefansson, I think, gives too gloomy a picture of their life when he says (op. cit., p. 131): 'At Cape Bexley and to the east there is apparently hardly a winter when the people do not have to subsist for considerable periods on seal oil alone. . . . saved the previous spring and cached during the summer.' At that time he had never visited the country except in spring and summer. I have already explained that this oil is stored away for their lamps in the fall, and generally lasts, with the food they collect in the summer, until about Christmas. January and February are the critical months in stormy winters, which occur, as far as my data allow me to judge, about once in every four years. Then they suffer from privation and want, but real starvation on any considerable scale probably happens not more often than once in every fifteen or twenty years."

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PREFACE

ONE cannot read this charming narrative of the author's life during two years with the primitive Eskimos of the Coronation Gulf Region without getting a deep sympathy for these simple, unsophisticated children of the twilight, who are still living in their communistic state, and have not felt the burden of wealth—except perhaps that someone of their best men, like "Knife," may have so much domestic equipment that it is difficult to pack all his belongings on one dog sledge when they are wandering.

Surely many readers will feel a longing to live in the snow hut or in the tent under the good care of Mother Icehouse, to go stalking the caribou or watch for the seals at their breathing holes with Father Ikpuck and the "Runner," or to play with little bright sister Jenny Sunshine.

A charming people of happy children, not yet stung by the venom of our culture, not burdened by the intricate problems and the acid dissatisfaction of our society. Starving sometimes perhaps when food is scarce (but that does not last long); and when food is plentiful life is laughing happiness with no sorrows of the past and none for the morrow. They live happily but under extreme conditions. During ages they have learnt to master the severe forces of nature, and no other people can take their place and develop the possibilities of those northern regions. But contact with our civilization, when not carefully guarded as in Greenland, will upset the whole system of their life and community, and they must sink.

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names, Liver and Icehouse. Both seemed rather misleading; she was really neither choleric nor frigid, but a jolly, high-spirited old lady with the warmest heart imaginable, and a tongue more prone to gossip than was strictly advisable. She received us with open arms, and resigned to us half the platform in her hut, where we slept and stored all our possessions. Since her platform looked directly into the dance-house, the centre of social life, we saw everything that happened in the community, or heard it reported to our neighbours.

January was generally the coldest, darkest, and stormiest month in the year, the only month that the Eskimos really dreaded. Blizzards often confined them to their houses five days out of seven, and even if a hunter braved the storms he could find no seal-holes through the driving snow. Hunger then reigned in every hut, and the inmates shivered with cold as they extinguished their lamps one by one to conserve the oil. But the winter of 1914-15 was unusually mild. Blizzards were rare even in January, and they were separated by periods of calm weather when the hunters captured five and six seals daily. So the lamps burned brightly in all the houses and the natives were light-hearted and happy. They gaily assembled in the dance-house each evening to while away the hours with song and dance; and their medicine-men often gave weird performances, not to relieve distress, but simply to maintain their prestige and entertain their audiences.

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transport all his property even with two wives and six dogs.

The natives travelled sixteen miles before they unhitched their teams and built new snow-houses for the night. The men went sealing the next morning, for at this season of the year they rarely had food for more than three days, and could travel long distances only in stages. Elated with the number of seals they captured they moved on the following morning, although the temperature was —29° F., and a howling north-west gale lashed their faces with hard snow. Johansen and I put on masks to protect our cheeks and noses, but discarded them before noon when the thick layer of frost that formed on their inside began to cling to our chins. Many of the Eskimos had their cheeks frozen, still more their wrists, for their short travelling mittens left an uncovered space between the hands and the coat-sleeves. Yet in the height of the storm a woman crouched down in the lee of her sled, withdrew a tiny baby from under her jacket and leisurely changed its sole garment, a diaper of caribou fur. The baby suffered no harm, apparently; but children were not always so fortunate, and the infant mortality was terribly high.

We had no intention of letting this horde of more than a hundred natives break in upon the tranquillity of Bernard Harbour without due warning. Our dogs

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271 of three hours. At times I myself almost rivalled his feat without either quenching my thirst or feeling that it was in any way abnormal.

221 Early in May we camped four miles from the south
361 coast of Victoria Island, where the hunters could con-
225 tinue sealing, if they wished, or intercept the caribou as
224 they grazed on the beach before proceeding inland. Sealing was the more profitable occupation, since the caribou were lean from long travelling and their meat
[237] satisfied the hunger of neither men nor dogs. Even their hides were useless, for the larvæ of warble-flies had profusely perforated them, and the long white fur of winter was beginning to shed and give place to
[261] a shorter coat of brown. But my companions, who had lived on seal meat alone for four months, craved variety, and the sight of caribou increased the desire.
[177] We divided our party; those who had only bows and arrows continued to watch over the seal-holes, and the three who possessed rifles hunted caribou, Ikpuck with a .44 Winchester, The Runner with a .22 Remington, and myself with a Ross Sporting .280.

224 Our first caribou hunt gave me some useful training for the days to follow. A man who had risen earlier than the rest sighted five caribou passing our camp a mile to the eastward, and awakened Ikpuck and me. We dressed hastily, and, without waiting for breakfast, raced at top speed for the shore to cut them off as soon as they landed. Breathless with the exertion,

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[261]
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Hungry children gathered round our tent.

Photo by J. R. Cox.

She carried it everywhere on her back.

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limited to about a quarter of a mile, unless the wind carried them farther. The animals suffered almost as much as ourselves. Our dogs tried to burrow in the ground to protect their feet and noses, and a young bull caribou, blinded by the cloud of mosquitoes that swarmed around its head, trotted within fifty yards of me without noticing my presence.

The warm weather, too, enlarged the lanes of water round the margins of the lakes and increased the difficulty of crossing onto the ice. Ikpuck therefore decided to return to Lake Ever-Frozen, which, from its size, remained ice-bound all or most of the summer. We first packed the dried fish one stage ahead, then returned for the camping-gear, and, thus travelling, reached in four days the eastern end of the lake not far from our old camping-place. The other families in the band had gathered there already, reunited by the same problem of food supply that a few weeks earlier had caused their dispersal.

My two months of practical training should have rendered me a past master in the fishing technique of my companions, but at this lake they taught me a new device. The largest trout always lay deepest, but none of our lines would reach the bottom of the lake. Moreover a long line, if drawn up quickly hand over hand—or wrist over wrist, in true Eskimo fashion—invariably tangles. Ikpuck's method was to lower his line to the last inch, and, when a fish struck, to run back-

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me to take from my own cache a little rice and pemmican, which, being more easily digested than boiled meat, would assist my return to health. The pemmican I carried on my back, but most of the rice I placed in the pack of my largest dog, who ruined it a few hours later by plunging headlong into a deep pool. During the two days immediately following we secured no game of any kind, so that I was driven to share the pemmican with my companions. Hungry as they were, I could hardly induce them to touch it, although they would have killed without compunction any fellow-countryman who attempted to hoard food when they were starving. I was different, they averred, and their ways were not my ways; deprived of my special food, I might be prostrated again by a return of my illness. Their children might eat a little, if I so desired, but as for themselves, they were accustomed to hunger, and would surely kill a caribou on the morrow, or, if not then, on the day following. In the end, however, they agreed to compromise, and divided up half my pemmican, leaving the other half for myself.

Our usual procedure at this time was to march from ten to fifteen miles, then to scatter out in search of game while the women pitched camp. Ikpuck, The Runner, and myself, going out together late one afternoon, discovered a large bull caribou grazing in the centre of an open plain where it would certainly detect us if we attempted to approach. In spite of this The

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rate of progress, because this sustained effort involved a mental strain to which they were totally unaccustomed. We had travelled long and far for three days, and they needed an interval to recuperate. During those three days, too, they had suffered from hunger, for we had killed no game; and now they gorged themselves so freely that involuntarily I thought of Icehouse's reproach to the dogs, "They have no bottoms to their stomachs." The human body is remarkably plastic; through generation after generation these Eskimos had developed something of the nature of the camel, being capable of taking in a few hours sufficient nourishment to compensate for one period of scarcity and to carry them over another.

During these days of idleness they indulged in various pastimes. They set up a clod of turf about a foot square, and, standing back forty paces, shot at it with their bows. Only about one arrow in twenty hit the target, so that either their marksmanship was poor or their bows very inferior. Since they had all practised archery from childhood, and two of the men, Ikpuck and The Runner, were noted hunters, the fault evidently lay in their bows. These belonged to the type technically known as "composite," like the well-known Tartar bows. The framework was of three pieces of wood rudely jointed together, two end pieces or horns curving backward and a middle piece. All the back of the wood was covered with a narrow band

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a hunting-knife lashed to the end of a tent-pole. That had been a terrific battle, infinitely more thrilling than our recent chase, for what chance had the two bears against a .44 Winchester? But a bear is a bear, however it is slain, and the joy of my companions was not lessened because the danger had been slight. The species remained as formidable as ever, and its representatives, even when dead, should be treated with caution and respect. So the prudent Ikpuck placed a needle-case beside the mother, and a miniature bow and arrow beside the cub, that they might not travel empty-handed to the spirit-home of their kind.

We camped beside the carcass of the larger bear for three days, enjoying the change from venison to a heavier meat. The dogs, more starved than feasted during the last six months, gorged themselves until they could hardly move. We had meat enough to last a fortnight, yet the hunters wantonly shot three caribou, bringing in only the hides, the back fat, and the sinew. When I remonstrated against such wastefulness they merely said that caribou would always be plentiful, and that they wanted more hides to trade with their neighbours. There was one way in which I could check the slaughter, by threatening to supply no ammunition during the winter to any one who wasted the meat. The threat accomplished more than I had anticipated. They not only brought in one of the carcasses, but presented me with all the marrow-

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136 although a sudden storm that shatters the ice-field may still engulf a few animals before they have time to regain the shore.

136 The second wave of the migration passed even more
261 quickly than the first, and we found ourselves on a barren coast, cut off from every source of food except the stores that we had accumulated during the months just past. The seals had vanished with the open water, the true fishing-lakes lay back in the hills, and the salmon-trout that Ikpuck had speared in lakes nearer the coast had either ceased to spawn, or were invisible through the crust of snow. Occasionally we sighted two or three ptarmigan, never enough for a single meal; and at the mouth of the creek, three or four feet under the ice, the children speared a few sculpins, and
221 devoured them on the spot. But we had now reached the "doldrum" stage in our voyage, the resting period that intervenes between the intense activity of the caribou hunt and lake-fishing, and the winter sealing on the
221 ice. So with a feeling almost of permanency we estab-
361 lished our tiny settlement on the sea-shore, knowing that we should remain there longer than at any place
342 since the preceding winter. We built our snow-huts with more than usual care, and the women improved them by fixing over the doorways windows of fresh-
221 water ice chipped from a neighbouring lagoon. From
294 morning till night they sat inside beneath their windows, sewing the new garments we needed for the

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lifted the veil of secrecy a few inches the other raised it higher, lest silence should rob him of a share in the reward. In the end it was not their secretiveness that hampered our researches, but our ignorance of their ways of thought and their own inability to narrate a story from the ground upward; for they invariably began with the crisis, so to speak, and worked backward and forward, with many omissions and repetitions, on the tacit assumption that our minds moved in the same groove as theirs and that explanations were needless.

If the preceding winter had been unusually mild, this one was unusually stormy. Gales from east and west—the two prevailing quarters—swept the shelterless ice-field day after day until its covering of snow grew hard like a macadamized road. Then the wind blew narrow furrows along it, *sulci* with crests so sharp that they hurt the feet. Hunters who ventured out to seal could find no breathing-holes amid the driving snow, and with difficulty reached their homes again. The first gales passed unheeded. The people had fish and caribou meat stored outside their huts, and pokes of blubber for their lamps. Gathered inside the dance-house, they could laugh at the howling blizzards and while away the hours in song and gymnastics. But when their food was exhausted, when half their lamps had expired from want of oil, dance-songs

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gave place to incantations, and shaman after shaman sent forth his spirit to seek the dread sea-goddess at the bottom of the ocean and force her to relent. Temporary lulls in the storms drove every hunter to the sealing-grounds; on calm days they left the settlement two or three hours before dawn and returned in the darkness. As the dogs dragged the booty into the passageways the children threw themselves on the seal carcasses and poured water into their mouths to please their spirits and induce other seals to rise to the hunters' harpoons. Dolphin and Union Strait was one of the richest sealing-grounds along the Arctic coast, and the natives with whom we camped escaped any dire privations this winter; but in Coronation Gulf, as we learned afterward, many Eskimos ate the sealskin covers of their bows, and some old people perished through the hardships they were compelled to endure.

The storms were responsible for other tragedies. A boy of about six years, the only son of a strange, priest-like individual whom we knew as "The Prophet," was blown from the roof of a snow-hut during a gale, breaking his thigh just above the knee. The father, aided by an elderly medicine-man, set the leg in short splints bound round with a caribou hide. As soon as I heard of the accident I offered to take the lad to our station, where we would care for him

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Musk-ox land and restore him without delay, whole in body and untouched in heart. "Men are so foolish with women," she added, noting his tolerant smile.

Four of us, then, The Runner, Girling, Patsy, and myself, piled our belongings upon a sled and turned our faces eastward. Close to Locker Point, we reached a village of the Coppermine River natives, where signs of starvation confronted us on every side. The women, sheltered behind low walls of snow, were fishing for tom-cod to replace the seals their husbands could not catch; the lamps burned low in many of the huts, or were extinguished from lack of oil; and the hungry children gathered round our tent to beg for food. During the two days we stayed in their village we invited as many as we could to share our meals; but when they uncovered our sled in the darkness, broke into a box of hard biscuits, and emptied twenty-five pounds of rice into their mittens, we brushed the snow of their settlement from our shoes and resumed the interrupted march.

Our next stopping-place was a small settlement near the mouth of Tree River, a hundred miles farther east. The inhabitants turned out as usual to greet us, and after the first salutations, an elderly man, who appeared to be the leader of the band, invited us to enter his hut. There his daughter, a young woman about twenty years of age, was skilfully flensing a freshly killed seal. Her greasy clothes, dishevelled hair, gory arms, and

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face besmirched with blood and blubber from the tit-bits she slipped into her mouth, made a somewhat unattractive picture to our European eyes, though the Eskimos thought it charmingly homelike. But as soon as she finished her task she washed with snow, dried her face and hands with a ptarmigan skin, braided her hair, and changed into a neat suit of brown caribou fur adorned with red and white insertion. In this new setting she shone with quite a different radiance; for her face, though almost circular, was so regular, and her complexion so fresh and clear, that even the blue tattoo lines with which all the Eskimo women in this country marred their faces only added piquancy to her charms. If Girling had consented to carry out his missionary duties we would certainly have christened her the "Boreal Venus."

These natives had been in close contact with Anderson's party during the summer and regarded all white men with the greatest respect. When they learned that we intended to stay with them for a few days they renovated an empty hut for our use and equipped it with a stone lamp, which the women supplied with oil and tended night and morning. They, too, like the people we had just left, had suffered from starvation for several weeks; but now their hunters were killing more seals, and as the days lengthened they looked confidently forward to a season of plenty. Their leader and his wife almost embarrassed us with hospitality.

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official welcome, and danced in front of him, interspersing their songs with impromptu speeches to express their delight at his visit. The Runner, who had the prerogative of dancing next, made a suitable reply, saying how glad he had been to accompany his "white brother" on this journey and to meet once more his old acquaintances of the Musk-ox land. The whole ceremony resembled the joyous reunion of long-separated friends. As he remarked to me afterward, when the gathering dispersed, "It is good to establish dancing-companions in every tribe, for then you are sure of a welcome wherever you travel."

The cheerfulness of the villagers amid their hardships aroused our admiration. On Victoria Island the Eskimos with whom I had wandered frequently fasted for twenty-four and even forty-eight hours. The experience was no novelty in their lives; they merely tightened their belts, trudged steadily forward a dozen or fifteen miles, and said smilingly, "If we sight no caribou today we will tomorrow; or, if not tomorrow, certainly the day after." It was summer then, and our tents were comfortable even without fires. But in this village the winter gales were raging, the temperature fluctuating between 25 and 45 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, and ill-luck had been trailing the natives for several weeks. The hunters had searched for seals in the fiercest blizzards until every man's face was scarred with frost-bites, but the number

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they had captured hardly sufficed to keep them alive. Now their strength was impaired by starvation, their huts cold from lack of oil in the lamps. One or two families, driven by hunger, had even eaten the dry sealskin cases of their bows. Perhaps it was the nearness of spring that buoyed up their courage, for none of them showed despondency or gloom, despite their pinched faces and empty cooking-pots. Indeed, they seemed more distressed by their apparent inhospitality, for several of our visitors apologized at being unable to offer us the usual presents of meat.

We stayed with them three days, and each morning the men left early for their hunting-grounds, although, half blinded by the snow-clouds, they could find few seal-holes and captured not a single seal. Our own supplies were running dangerously low; we had full rations for three days only, and the return journey to Bernard Harbour required at least a week. So we reloaded our sled and struck southward to the mainland, hoping to find game of some description as we skirted the coast.

Our departure marked the beginning of even worse weather, for the temperature dropped lower still, and the wind, which had blown in our faces throughout the eastward march, now swung round to smite us from the west. That first day's journey to the mainland tried us all severely, and though I perhaps suffered most—my health being far from good at this period—

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diminished in number, and for two days none at all appeared. The natives, who had nothing to do except deposit their fish in caches as it dried, were lounging around their tents, enjoying the halcyon days of early summer—that week or fortnight, all too brief, when life seemed a glorious holiday. Food was abundant in their camp, and the air so warm that they could sleep in the open air, hardly molested as yet by the clouds of mosquitoes that would shortly darken the sky and attack every living creature, man and beast alike.

Humour is never lacking in an Eskimo community, especially during days of idleness. As the women were gossiping inside a tent, one of the men called out that a shoal had entered the weir. The gathering dispersed in an instant; for although theoretically food was shared in common, the family that gathered the largest store always fared better than the rest, and enjoyed greater prestige. The women, therefore, rushed for their spears and hurried down to the stream. But as they collected on the brink and eagerly scanned the empty water, loud guffaws from the men behind advised them of the hoax, and crestfallen, even amid their laughter, they slowly retreated to their tents again.

About six o'clock the next morning, while the camp still slept, I rose to light our breakfast fire. A woman appeared at the door of her tent, and after gazing tranquilly around, picked up her fish-spear and

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123 They then offered us several of their finest prizes and entreated us to stay a few days longer, probably hoping for a continuance of their good luck; but I could not linger. We distributed a few needles and matches among them, and departed while their expressions of goodwill still rang in our ears.

136 This renewal of the salmon migration occurred everywhere along the coast, reaching the two families
[123] that were taking care of my dog. Apparently it was an unusual phenomenon, for they, too, ascribed it to my intervention. When I had left them they had shouted after me to "will" that more fish should enter their stream. More fish had come, several shoals of
[231] them and they were deeply grateful. So they showered their gratitude on the dog, which was so gorged with fat salmon that it could hardly rise to its feet to welcome us.

226 The natives who had been camping close to the station had moved away when the first run of the salmon ended, and only Ikpuck and Icehouse remained in possession of their stream. My parents themselves were about to abandon it when the second run started and deluged them with its rapid succession of shoals, four and even five in one day. Husband and wife toiled incessantly for a week, cleaning and drying the fish and
• 261 storing them away under piles of stones. Never before had they gathered so abundant a supply against the early winter months, when the caribou disappeared to

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the southward and the ice was too treacherous for the seal-hunt. Yet their joy, great as it was, did not surpass my own, because now I could sail away with the comforting thought that for one year at least starvation would hardly approach their door.

A few days later Cox and I brought them to the station in a large skin boat to which we had attached an outboard motor. They allowed us to pack all their possessions on board without a protest, but drew back in dismay when we suggested their own embarkation. For a long time we urged them in vain, but at last Icehouse yielded, and nervously adjusted herself on the middle thwart. Ikpuck stepped in beside her, he, too, looking somewhat dubious, although he had often speared caribou from a precarious one-man kayak. Seated in the bow facing them, I could not resist the temptation to rock the boat a little. Ikpuck watched me with anxious eyes, but his wife gripped the gunwale desperately with both hands and screamed with all her might. "Jennesi, stop, stop!" she cried as soon as she regained her breath, and added, more quietly, "I did not think my son would ever frighten me so badly." Amazement overcame their fears when we pushed out into deep water and started up the engine; and like happy school-children, they both trailed their hands over the side throughout the journey to feel the swirl of the water.

Another new pleasure awaited them at the station,

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177 439 [224] [226] left them no time to hunt seals; and they had to buy clothing too from the same stores when the rifles that the traders supplied them exterminated the herds of caribou or drove them into districts far remote. So the new barter economy—furs in exchange for the goods of civilization—made life harder instead of easier, more complicated instead of more simple. The commercial world of the white man had caught the Eskimos in its mesh, destroyed their self-sufficiency and independence, and [261] made them economically its slaves. Only in one respect did it benefit them: it lessened the danger of those unpredictable famines which had overtaken them every ten or fifteen years, bringing suffering and death to young and old without distinction.

177 Today the youth of the second generation faces another revolution. The atomic age is reaching out towards the Arctic. On this coast and on that stand radar outposts to scan the upper atmosphere, scientific stations to [464] study it and to measure the sun's rays. Already a handful of Jennie's cousins and nephews have found employment at some of these stations: they have unloaded ships and planes, driven motor-boats and caterpillar-tractors, and shown a competence equal to the white man's in operating civilization's simpler machines. Only opportunity and training are lacking to equip them for [435] larger roles. They are adapting themselves, too, to our money economy, and learning to work for a daily wage. But when we who created this money economy igno-